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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

How They Moved Obelisks.

The obelisks of the Pharaohs are made of red granite called syenite, says the writer of "Cleopatra's Needle." In the quarries at Syene may yet be seen an unfinished obelisk, still adhering to the native rock, with traces of workmen's tools so clearly seen on its surface that one might suppose they had been suddenly called away and intended soon to return and finish their work. This unfinished obelisk shows the mode in which the ancients separated these immense monoliths from the native rock. In a shapely-cut groove marking the boundary of the stone are holes, evidently designed for wooden wedges. After these had been firmly driven into the holes, the groove was filled with water. The wedges, gradually absorbing the water, swelled and cracked the granite throughout the length of the groove. The block, once detached from the rock, was pushed forward upon rollers made of the stems of palm trees from the quarries to the edge of the Nile, where it was surrounded by a large timber raft. It lay by the river side until the next inundation of the Nile, when the rising waters floated the raft and conveyed the obelisk down the stream to the city where it was to be put up. Thousands of willing hands pushed it on rollers up an inclined plane to the front of the temple where it was designed to stand. The pedestal had previously been placed in position and a firm causeway of sand covered with planks led to the top of it. Then, by means of rollers, levers and ropes made of the date palm, the obelisk was gradually hoisted into an upright position. It speaks much for the mechanical accuracy of the Egyptian machine that, so true was the level of the top of the base and the bottom of the long shaft, in no single instance has the obelisk been found to be out of the true perpendicular.—Mining and Scientific Press.

Fertile Alaska.

The nature of the whole land can be roughly divided into three conditions: Snow and ice fields bury the coast range and choke up every hollow; to the immediate north the valleys are rocky and barren, but the vast interior beyond is richly clothed in luxuriant vegetation. Scientific authorities theoretically mapped out giant ice-fields as spreading over the entire land from the Fairweather and Mt. St. Elias ranges north almost to the valley of the Yukon. Colossal heights mantled in never-melting snow tower thousands of feet in the air, but within shadow of these mighty uplands, in the sheltered hollows beneath, lie immense valleys carpeted in richest grasses, and gracefully tinted with wild flowers. Here in the summer a genial climate is found where strawberries and other wild fruits ripen to luxuriance, where there are four and a half months of summer and seven and a half of winter. In June and July the sun is lost below the horizon only for a few hours, and the temperature, though chilly at night, has an average of sixty-five degrees in the daytime.—E. J. Glave, in the Century.

James Eddy, Troy, N. Y., makes all the ink with which the Government paper money is printed. His father invented it, and just before his death let his son into the secret of its manufacture—a secret which he still keeps to himself, as it is worth \$50,000 a year to him. The ink in question is said to be the only kind that will print on the paper now used for Government notes.

Her Fellow Passengers Stared.

A fair haired girl of eighteen, with large blue eyes and a singularly attractive face, furnished a heap of entertainment for the passengers who were riding down town in a crowded car on the Sixth avenue elevated train Thursday morning. The girl boarded the train at the Twenty-eighth street station at 9 o'clock. She wore a gown of some plaid stuff in neat pattern. The waist was low at the neck and held up at the shoulders by small silk straps. It was filled in about the throat with puffs of snowy tulle that fitted tight around the neck. A neat leather satchel slung over her left shoulder with a strap completed her slightly attire. She had scarcely stepped into the car when a gentleman caught sight of her pretty face, and rose instantly and with a low bow surrendered his seat on one of the cross benches.

Five minutes later everybody in the car was watching the girl with absorbed interest. It wasn't on account of her winsome face either. A large Brazilian bug, with a brilliant shell, that crawled slowly along the surface of the tulle puffing at her throat, had caught their eyes. Passengers near by quickly detected that the bug was fastened to the waist of her gown by a tiny gold chain. The bug climbed several times over the top of the puffing upon the girl's white neck. The tickling caused by its feet apprised her of the fact, and each time she tenderly lifted the insect up and replaced it upon the tulle. She saw the passengers staring at her in astonishment, but paid no attention to their scrutiny.

When the train reached Eighth street an elderly woman got on and sat down in a seat directly opposite the handsome girl. She caught sight of the Brazilian bug a minute or two later. It startled her so that she started up from her seat. Then she stared around at the other passengers for a minute with a dazed look. Finally, unable longer to control her agitation, she got up, crossed the car and put her lips to the ear of the self possessed girl.

"Excuse me, miss," she exclaimed in an agitated whisper, "but you have a queer fly crawling on your dress."

Many of the passengers roared outright at the announcement, and the old lady blushed and sank back into her seat in confusion. The handsome girl smiled sweetly and looked at the old lady with quiet nonchalance.

"Don't get nervous, madam," she said. "I know the bug is there. It can't get away," and she caught it up and let the tiny gold chain and manacles dangle an instant to show that the insect was a prisoner.

A well dressed man who had been gazing at the girl for a long time turned to a reporter who sat beside him and said:

"That's a common enough fad in India, where young women have a fancy for fastening pet Brazilian bugs to their dresses, but it is the first time I ever saw the odd fashion copied in this city, at least in public. It's a mere whim, and it might become a craze. You can't tell about such things, you know."

The pretty girl got off at the Battery place station, and tripping lightly down stairs to the street strolled through Battery park. Pedestrians stopped and turned about and stared after her, but no one spoke to her and she spoke to no one. Her bearing was ladylike, but she often smiled slightly at the surprise of those who passed her.—New York Sun.

A stimulant is often needed to nourish and strengthen the roots and to keep the hair a natural color. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best tonic for the hair.

A Petrified Forest.

F. B. Schemerhorn, Geologist of the Idaho World's Fair Bureau, who recently discovered the great glaciers in Idaho county, has found a fossil forest in the center of Custer county. In the same locality he has discovered the petrified bones of a now extinct race of men and animals, which will be sent to Chicago. The forest covers an area of four square miles and the condition of the ground shows that at one time an enormous flow of clay which worked in from the northwest has buried the tree trunks to a great depth. This clay has turned to stone and no one can ascertain its true depth. This clay has turned to stone and no one can ascertain its true depth without going to great expense. All the trees in this forest have their tops broken off and stand from 10 to 40 feet above the ground, averaging about 28 to the acre. Schemerhorn took the exact measurement of some of the trees and found them to average 12 feet in diameter on top and 16 feet in diameter at the surface of the ground. How far the trunk reaches through the clay stone to the soil he had no means of ascertaining. A branch which had become detached from a tree and was lying about 16 feet from it was three feet in diameter. From the size of the trees and their branches Mr. Schemerhorn thinks they are a species of redwood such as is found in California and attributes their fossilization to the clay, which, bearing a large part of mineral and presumably coming from some volcano, soon turned the living trees into monuments of stone.—Mining and Scientific Press.

For Believers in Myths.

A Chinese sect believes that women by embracing vegetarianism will become men on the judgment day.

Old shoe throwing is done for many purposes. In Ireland the election of a person to almost any office is concluded by throwing an old shoe over his head.

In the mythology of Europe horses were regarded luck bringers and superstition once supposed that a horse's hoof, placed under the bed, would cure certain complaints.

The Chinese value a pair of old boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed all through Europe.

People's fingers, cut from the hands of dead people, are sometimes carried as amulets by the ignorant and superstitious. Dried lizards sewed up in leather serve the same purpose.

Sensible and practical people will often take particular pains to skim off a patch of bubbles that have risen to the top of their tea, because some one has said it is a "sure sign of money."

The ancient Egyptians believed that iron was the bone of Typhon, the enemy of Osiris, and for this reason it was considered impure. No one could make use of it even for the most ordinary requirements of life without polluting his soul.—A. Kansaw Traveler.

Italy's Queen.

The Queen of Italy, once one of the most beautiful girls in the kingdom, is now one of the handsomest women. She is bright and witty in conversation and learned, with a leaning toward bluestockingism, but without pedantry. She is universally admired and loved by her subjects, and the attachment King Humbert has for her is a rare example of conjugal devotion in a royal household.

She Was Surprised.

"He proposed to you last night?" "He did while we were out walking."

"Well, I'll never believe a bit of gossip that I hear again in this town."

"Why not?" "Why, they said he would be very careful in making a choice and an awful hard man to please."—Cape Cod Item.

In 1838 a beautiful locket, forming a small padlock, was found in digging a grave in the churchyard at Devizes, Wiltshire, England. This was a charm, and being valuable was buried with the owner.

He Loved Children.

After she had seated herself in the ferry-boat little Willie broke away from her and began rolling around in the dust and dirt before us all.

"Ah, madam," whispered the old gentleman, "do not try to stop little Willie. I love to see the child have fun."

"Yes, indeed." "It does my old heart good," he went on as Willie turned a double somersault; it carries me back to the early days. I tell you, ma'am, there is nothing like youth."

"That is true, sir," she said sweetly. "It recalls to me, madam, the old farm, where I once romped, a care free mortal all the livelong day."

"Willie is such a good boy," she ventured as William yelled "Rats!" three times and threw up his hat.

The old gentleman suddenly let out a roar that echoed over the river.

"Wow-w!" he gasped, howling with pain.

"Mercy, me!" exclaimed the woman, staring.

"Why don't you teach your boy some manners? He has just stuck a pin in my leg!"

"But he is only a harmless child, sir."

"Wow-w!"

"And his conduct carries you back to the early days."

"Wow-w!"

"And youth fades so quickly, sir."

"Wow-w, ma'am—wow-w, I say!"

"And it reminds you of the days down on the old farm."

"That will do, ma'am," he gasped, rising and glaring at us all. "I see, ma'am, that I am in the presence of a spoiled child—your sweet William. You expect we should all sing and dance, but you are mistaken, ma'am—mistaken to the utmost. I predict, ma'am, that your boy will grow up a burglar and a horse thief, and if he doesn't break his mother's heart before he is twenty-one my name is mud, ma'am, mud, I say!"

And he flung himself out the door. Then mamma took little Willie to her arms and did exactly what all mothers would under the circumstances.

She called William her darling boy and kissed him on the dirty nose.—New York Herald.

Not in the Soup.

They had a half dozen or more kinds of soup at the hotel and the guest, an experienced hotel food sampler, looked over the menu.

"Bring me some chicken soup," he said to the waiter.

It was brought and he sent it away after tasting it.

"Bring me beef soup," he commanded.

It was brought, tasted and sent away and so on with all of them.

"Bring me some water soup," he requested finally.

"What kind of soup is that, sir," asked the startled waiter.

"It's the kind I want," explained the guest, "if it is made as the others are. There is no chicken in your chicken soup, no beef in your beef soup, no vegetables in your vegetable soup, no beans in your bean soup, and, on the same principle, I suppose there's no water in your water soup. Do you understand?"

A few moments later the landlord came in and heard a few incongruous remarks on the subject of soups and their constituent elements.—Exchange.

Mr. Matsuo's Big Kite.

Jumatsu Matsuo, a native of Nagasaki, Japan, now residing on Rochelle avenue, Wissahickon, has built an enormous kite, shaped like an owl, which he intends flying from the hillside on Manayunk avenue. The kite is made of split bamboo frames, covered with rice paper, and requires a tail forty yards long to steady the aerial monster. He has two miles of string an eighth of an inch thick to hold the kite. After the kite has reached the height required he will send up on the string several mechanical objects to within a yard of the kite, which will again return to the ground. If the owl proves a success he intends on the Fourth of July to have one made like a ship, without a string, using gas balloons and float gracefully in space.—Philadelphia Record.

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